



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Avivé d'une plaie insonore et qui n'a
Tel espoir de ne plus se rêver en la somme,
Torrentielle des nuits veuves d'hosanna.

Mais promets qu'un regret ne s'ouvrira dans l'heure,
éplorée à long temps d'un vol d'oiseau qui meure ;

Triste pour nos doux Yeux en mariage ouverts
Tandis que les midis de nulles plumes pleuvent !

puisque l'an des roseaux qui du rire s'émeuvent,
Tant désespérément s'ensepulture d'hier
Mouvant de souvenirs qui deviennent quel air,
Agit de sanglots muets en les mémoires ;
puisque l'eau le miroir non désert où nos gloires,
Vaguant en azurs avéraient l'univers
Tumultueuse mêle un haussement d'hivers :
puisqu'aussi loin que nous songeâmes parmi
l'heure.

Vivant ! le vent qui passe aux houx des plus grands
deuils.

Traîne en orage épars le sang de mes orgueils.

RENÉ GHIL (Instrumentalist).

Untranslatable — observe the eccentricities of composition and his imitations of the sounds of bass strings and brass instruments.

AMERICAN ART GOSSIP.

The first American picture sold at the Chicago Fair was by Carl Weber of Philadelphia, entitled: "Scene in the Jersey Flats."

The editor would be very grateful if the artists whom he criticises would always try to realize his indulgent estimate of their work. The editor is at any time more willing to point out virtues than vices, and the artists in return should be considerate enough to send their best, most representative pictures to important exhibitions.

I wonder how American artists can have any patience at all with the ordinary newspaper art critics. In my opinion they are . . . A few exceptions render the truth of this statement only the more palpable. Yet their present "sarsaparilla" style of writing has to be excused to some extent by the bragging, anæmic, hypocritical condition of the entire American press.

Mr. Wells Champney advances the idea that copies of paintings should be made in pastel, as such copies would preserve the color-character of the originals. In a hundred years hence the originals may have grown considerably darker in tone while the pastel copy (which if well kept loses but little of its brilliancy of color) would give a faithful representation of the original of to-day. Mr. Champney thinks that pastel possesses power enough to be employed in copying Velasquez or Rembrandt.

The editor begs to be excused for being a little behind time with the publication of the second number of THE ART CRITIC. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann on his return from New York was arrested on the charge of circulating "immoral"

literature. Whether Christ — upholding the right of expressing individual convictions in art and life — is really considered an immoral book in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, will be decided before the Superior Court during 1894. Mr. T. W. Coakley is the counsel for the defendant.

"During his recent stay in Philadelphia the editor thought appropriate that somebody should make a short speech at the private view of the Academy exhibition in honor of Anders Zorn, who was specially invited to attend the opening. Mr. H. S. Morris, however, did not think it appropriate as "it would disturb their programme." And of what did this programme consist? Merely of decorating the entrance like a beer garden, where no beer was to be had, and getting the orchestra to play popular music. (Music is the art of this age, and yet few understand how vulgar it can be at times.) Why did they not make the music as classical as the pictures of Dewing, Sargent, Whistler, Cecilia Beaux, why had they just selected Boldini attitudes and mercenary portraiture to be represented in tones?

Yes, the opening nights of exhibitions are exceedingly tiresome. I found that out at the Cazin and New York Water Color Club openings.

I am extremely sorry that the artists consider it necessary to wear dress suits (its being the most economical costume is naturally one point in its favor); in society dress suits have, of course, their place, but in Bohemia! Naturally everybody has his own ideas about such things, but dress suits do much to kill even the little sociability that exists in American art life. On principle the editor of the ART CRITIC would never wear a dress suit (don't think that he has none) at festivals relating to Bohemia.

Anders Zorn was invited to the opening apparently merely to be chased through the galleries, and to shake hands with smiling ladies and gentlemen with their hair pasted down on both sides of their heads. How they danced around him and uttered stale compliments with pseudo-sincerity. How all this must have bored Zorn! And I am sorry to say that some of his professional admirers also imposed a good deal on Mr. Zorn's modesty in forcing some favorable criticism out of him.

Oh, shades of Confucius, the whole universe with all its good and evil lies between Zorn and these affectationists, with their pigmy souls and brush flunkeyism.

I asked Zorn what he thought of a man who could paint and appreciate but one little phase of art and he answered: "They are no artists, that's all."

At the reception to Zorn and that to the pianist Slivinski in the New York Salmagundi Club, the social element was not much better. To entertain one of the greatest painters of the day they had arranged a variety show in which a little girl danced "the prostitution of childhood," and at every high kick the Anglo Saxon spirit of the assemblage rose in pride in having so successfully acquired a taste for an apparently so decent fin de siècle art.

The speech was to be as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen — I may conscientiously say that the works of no other artist has attracted so much attention at the World's Fair as Mr. Zorn's, and none promises to exercise so beneficial an influence upon American art.

His pictures are a revelation of how far modern technique can go, as far as the old masters, perhaps beyond! Nobody can resist their brilliancy, and elegance and convincing naturalness. Nobody who has ever studied them can forget them. Mr. Zorn has accomplished the rare task of satisfying the laymen as well as the professionals, the connoisseurs as well as the fashionable world.

How does he accomplish it? People say by technique, nothing else but technique.

True enough, he is a technician, as far as he does not tell a story in his pictures, or express a deep sentiment or vibration of the soul. He does not attempt to depict a volume of the Encyclopædia or the entire universe on one canvas.

But he is a good deal more than a clever technician.

He is a strong individuality that reveals itself in every stroke of his brush. He has individuality of conception and individuality of expression, and that combination is after all the basis of all genuine and great art.

But Mr. Zorn has another striking quality. He is modern to his very finger tips, not only in painting nature and the model as they appear to him, but imbuing them with the modern spirit.

It seems to me almost as if the vital spark in his paintings is a reflection of his warfare against the European Academies, for you must know whenever there is in Europe a crusade against the old mechanical methods and institutions Zorn appears in the front line of the battle and fights for the right of expressing sincerely and straightforwardly each individual power, and, naturally, of being broad minded and appreciative of all that is good. Mr. Zorn does not like *chiques*.

It was a beautiful idea of the Academy to invite Mr. Zorn to the opening of this exhibition which I consider one of the most instructive exhibitions of American paintings ever held in the East.

I believe he never accepted an invitation to an Academy before, and only accepted this because he was convinced that the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts does its utmost to be advanced and liberal in idea as well as practice.

And I hope that this Academy will also prove worthy of his confidence, and some day produce as solid, beautiful and wholesome work as Mr. Zorn's.

And now I conclude with the warcry of the younger generation:

Vive la Modernité! Vive la Technique!

It would be almost a vain attempt to convey the qualities of a portrait painter satisfactorily in words. Yet it is interesting to speculate on the general character of his work, if it be individual enough to allow such treatment. A portrait painter of this nature is Miss Cecilia Beaux; she is decidedly more than a "clever girl," and has some individuality as Childe Hassam would say, and that is much, even very much.

In the first place she devotes her talent entirely to portraiture, which is in itself a decided merit in this art world of ours, where illustration, teaching and portrait painting are generally only considered means to keep artists from starvation. Miss Beaux' individuality concentrates in two marvellously developed characteristics: brilliancy and refinement. They are combined in such an exquisite vital manner as to render her pictures real fragments of beauty, not entirely free, however, from superficiality, and a certain trickiness, which generally accompanies brilliancy. Each portrait contains beautiful touches which, carried only a little bit further, would blossom forth into delightful mannerisms, as, for instance, the blue gray lines which she uses as outlines and emphasis in the shadows. Her drawing is often uncertain and would, undoubtedly, improve by anatomical studies in the life class. Trousers generally have legs inside. Yet her portraits in whatever surrounding they may be, are always sure to attract attention by their agreeable color schemes, simplicity of arrangement, naturalness of pose, and their general chic technique. But beneath her flamboyant surface there is a good deal of drab, a rigidity, inherent in her personality, which she has not yet

learned to animate with emotional and intellectual dashes that flash forth from the storm clouds of genius.

Bonnat, for instance, is just the opposite to Miss Beaux, a good deal of drab on the surface, but flamboyant beneath. Miss Beaux lacks a penetrative glance, her observation rests on the external picturesqueness of a thing. If she had lived a woman's life more completely, her art would probably be more complete also, but to discuss such a speculation, art criticism would have to be laid aside and psychophysiology taken up instead.

Perhaps her subjects have not favored a display of spiritual predominance. But it is doubtful whether she could ever paint the head of an Edison satisfactorily, she might, however, paint Paderewsky. Let us hope for the sake of American portraiture that Miss Beaux will succeed in painting a perfect picture, flamboyant on the surface and flamboyant beneath, which will excite our reverence and before which all art criticism is a sham. The editor would then strive to be the first to catalogue Cecilia Beaux as a star of first magnitude and adorn her art with the laurel wreath of fame.

How often do we not hear the following plaint in reference to some neglected genius, uttered in a more or less indignant manner, "It is really a shame that he had to starve all his life and was only recognized in his old age!" And yet, whenever a new individuality appears on the horizon of art, how few are able to recognize its merits at a first glance?

New York possesses a young painter at present, entirely unknown even to the profession, who is making, or trying to make, his debut at various exhibitions, and whose efforts unmistakably bear the traces of a remarkable talent, if not of genius.

He especially draws children and nude women. Groups of children, sitting, lying and standing in all sorts of careless, indolent attitudes — keen studies from life — innocent, yet overflowing with the animal spirits of youth. Sometimes they are gathered around a fire, or occupied with some pastime characteristic of their age, generally, however, doing nothing whatever, although one is sure to be found playing the violin. Their playground is generally situated out of doors and, as nothing is emphasized, these children look as if they knew but little of the precocious childhood of modern life, but had grown up like calves and sheep, which are often their favorite companions in Davies' pictures. His figures merely form — though occupying the entire foreground — a part of the surrounding landscape, of no more importance than a tree or a bit of sky or water. His drawing and lawless composition reminds one of Degas and Raffaelli (unconscious influence), and his medium is mostly pastel or oil, though he is also testing himself as a water colorist etcher, wood engraver and lithographer. His nude women, mostly young girls in the age of puberty, are depicted in the most commonplace occupations: dressing and undressing, in bed, bathing and combing their hair, walking about the room, or down the stairs or standing, without any reason (or clothing), around a table, their garments lying scattered all over the room, etc. The painter's idea, however, can easily be understood; his nudes are mere decorative spots (soul atoms of the material universe around them) and the carpets on which they stand, the blankets on their beds remind one by their many colored patterns of blooming fields and bouquets of flowers. Sometimes one of the damsels with flowing hair resembles a delicate flower herself.

Davies is a dreamer as well as a painter, and the thought which underlies all his work is to render childhood (the conventional emblem of purity) more sensuous, and to chasten the temptative qualities of womanhood, which are considered sensual in this hypocritical world of ours.

Whether Mr. Davies will be allowed to exhibit all he paints is another question.